

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH this number of the "Christian Freeman," each subscriber, for the year 1861, will receive a Supplement, called "The Unitarian Hand-Book." We have long looked forward to the pleasure of presenting our numerous friends with a little volume, which may prove of considerable service to the cause of the truths we have espoused and dearly love. Our religious principles are almost universally misunderstood. This little work amply sets forth, in Scriptural language, our Unitarian faith. The various texts supposed to uphold the common theological errors are briefly explained. We trust, by a free circulation of this little book, many may be led to avow our tenets openly, and to defend with success the faith once delivered to the saints. The people, in general, need but to be persuaded of what is Bible truth, sound doctrine, and rational godliness, and they will not be slow in producing a great revolution in religious teaching. Many are thirsting for higher views of God and man, of life and immortality, than are commonly taught at this day throughout Christendom. We hope our little book will, in some measure, promote those views which will bring "glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will among men."

It will be a joy to many of our friends, who have promoted the sale of the "Christian Freeman," to know that we have received many sincere testimonies of the usefulness of our little periodical from many of our ministers, and from persons who have been led to the adoption of our faith, and union with our churches, through the influence of the plainly told truths and simple illustra-

tions of our faith contained in those pages. "I had not attended a place of worship for several years," one person informed us, "the 'Christian Freeman' was placed in my hands, I read it, and then asked where the Unitarian chapel was, that I might join it." We are informed he and his family have been useful members since that time. Others have written us in a similar strain, and our ministers, too, have cheered us on, by writing that the influence of our pages has added members to their churches.

We are glad to add that the "Christian Freeman" pays its way. The fear of many of our friends was that it would not do so. The faithfulness of our agents has saved it in this particular, and it promises to live a long life. When we say this, we may be allowed to say that our labour and anxiety for five years have been entirely voluntary, a work of faith and labour of love. The large circulation has enabled us to send, occasionally, large *free parcels* to some parts of our vineyard, to help on the cause of religious truth; and wherever a parcel may be of service for free distribution, we shall do in the future, as far as we are able to do, what has been done in the past.

This leads us to notice the *repeal of the paper duty*, and how far we would be justified in reducing the price of this periodical. We have no facts to conceal from our friends, so here is the state of the case:—At our present circulation the abolition of this duty will be a saving, in 1862, of ten pounds to us on the whole year. Let this be divided among three thousand five hundred subscribers, and it will give them a little over a half-penny each,—we can make no reduction. The greatly reduced papers, at present, we believe, are running against each other the race of death. We can

neither commend by word nor deed such a course. We hope to be able to do as we have done this month, give a useful supplement, at times: this is all we can promise. Thanking our numerous kind friends who have helped to sustain us, and we hope they will all do their best to increase the circulation of this little paper, which has already done some service to the cause of Christian Unitarianism. Yours, etc.,

Editor of *Christian Freeman*.

THE TRAVELLER'S JOURNEY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ONCE upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveller, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through.

He travelled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child, "What do you do here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me."

So he played with that little child the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing birds, and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home—where was that, they wondered! whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the houses, and making the sea roar in fury. But when it snowed, that was the best of all; for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of a million of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing

picture-books; cimetars, and slippers, and turbans, and dwarfs, and giants, and genii, and fairies, and blue-beards, and bean-stalks, and riches, and caverns, and forests, and Valentines and Orsons, and all new and all true.

But one day, of a sudden, the traveller lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So he went upon the road, and went on for a little while without meeting anything, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So he said to the boy, "What do you do here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I know not what, and learned more than I could tell, or he either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated upon the ice in winter; were active on foot, and active on horseback; at cricket, and all games at ball; at prisoners' base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; they had holidays, too, and twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced to midnight, and real theatres where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends, and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveller lost the boy as he had lost the child, and after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. So he said to the young man, "What do you do here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen—just like Fanny in the corner there—and she had eyes like Fanny's, and hair like Fanny's, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and coloured just as Fanny

does while I am talking about her. So the young man fell in love immediately—just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well, he was teased sometimes, just as Somebody used to be by Fanny; and they quarrelled sometimes, just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking out for one another and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmas time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon—all exactly like Somebody I won't mention and Fanny.

But the traveller lost them one day, as he had lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me."

So he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went away through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his wife; and they had children who were with them too. So they all went together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and fallen leaves, and carrying burdens and working hard.

Sometimes they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded around it, and kissed and welcomed it; and they all went down together.

Sometimes they came to several avenues at once, and they all stood still,

and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to India;" and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can;" and another, "Father, I am going to heaven!" So with many tears at parting, they went solitary down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to heaven rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever those partings happened, the traveller looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees where the day was beginning to decline and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning gray. But they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy. At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveller, the gentleman, and the lady, went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow, and now brown; and the leaves even of the forest trees began to fall.

So they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice a long way down the avenue, say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to heaven!" and the father said, "I pray not yet. Sunset is very near. I pray not yet!"

But the voice cried, "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white and tears were on his face.

Then the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue and moving away with her arms still around his neck, kissed him and said; "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveller and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood; so near that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveller lost his friend. He called and called,

but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood and saw the sun going down, upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So he said to him, "What do you do here?" And the old man said with a calm smile, "I am always remembering; come and remember with me."

So the traveller sat down by the side of the old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him—the beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother, and children; every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all, and they all honoured and loved him.

And I think the traveller must be yourself, dear grandfather, because this is what you do.

A LAY SERMON FOR THE CLOSING YEAR.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."—*Ecclesiastes*.

ONE striking characteristic of the Bible is its sympathy with man. Like the summer, it falls upon the heart of the attentive reader. This sympathy is not only deep, but wide. It links itself with every part of our life, down to our very enjoyments, down to the very work of our hands. The whole spirit is consonant with that sentiment of one of its writers—"everything is beautiful in its season." There is the high and the low of human life, but even the low has its season and use, and therein is beautiful. Our natural tendency is to find this delight in its several parts, and we do not exalt, but dishonour God when we depreciate any. Many of David's psalms are mere echoes of his delight in sensible things, and in man's life. Thus he rejoices, for one thing, in "man going forth to his labour;" and could we catch his spirit, we should realize a new interest and a new joy in things around us, much of our selfishness would drop off, many of our sorrows would be relieved or mitigated.

This spirit is very perceptible in the

passage which heads this paper. The writer is looking at man, not in his wonderful nature, not in his great occasional doings, but in a far humbler sphere—as engaged in his daily work. He finds interest and delight in contemplating this every-day and common-place spectacle. He looks till he sees a very glory in it; sees and points out how, by an easy process, the simple work of a man's hands might become transfused, through and through, with all the light and warmth of a veritable spiritual act!

To store the mind with ideas, and to get it imbued with right principles of moral action; to act with decision and rectitude in a great crisis; never to act but from a pure motive—this is, in general, esteemed ample scope for our intellectual and moral activity; but the writer has far wider views. He would extend the application of our higher power even to the very work of our hands—would set even that against the noble background of idea and rule. Were we to do the same, our meanest, most mechanical tasks would cease to be dull and wearisome, and even take the rank of our higher acts. Nothing like an idea for giving interest to the things we do.

But the whole passage is full of instruction, and his particular "idea" here I will mention in its proper place.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might."

A busy world is suggested here. The Elysian idea of stillness and repose is not like the writer's idea of human life. He would fain hear the hum, see the stir, and watch the pageant of a wakeful, moving world. The world of his imagination is one known by the multiplicity of its tasks rather than the negation.—"Whatsoever thy hand," etc. This idea, in one word, is, that the proper vocation of man is *to work*. Necessity is already upon most of us to do this, but we all fret and chafe under the imperious yoke. When shall we learn that the only disgrace is to be idle—the only true honour to work?

We are next taught where this work is to be looked for. "Whatsoever thy hand *findeth* to do." The writer supposes the hand, while engaged in its natural movement, to *fall*, as it were,

upon the work it has to do. In other words, our work is always to our hand. Our proper sphere is exactly where we are placed; our proper work is, what is there to be done. "The principle is the same as in morals—"Act in the *present*." So shall we escape the miserable discontents with our lot which now embitter our lives.

That our work thus lies to hand might be daily seen, if we consider what those faculties are which we are bound to exert. These are of two sorts—the higher, such as the intellect, the heart, the conscience—and the lowest, such as our simple power *to do*. And with respect to the higher, who will say that the occasions and provocatives do not lie thick around? Everywhere are objects to stimulate thought; everywhere are minds to exchange ideas with our minds, and so add to the common stock; everywhere are some few minds at least, or, at any rate, books, to lead and assist us up the steep of knowledge, intelligence, and reason: and so it is with the heart. If humanity in the mass, with its many sweet and touching manifestations, is powerless to move, still there is father, mother, or, at least, friend, to awaken our dormant susceptibilities, and give us the sweet delight of loving and being beloved; or wanting these—and no man is so utterly forlorn—the poor, the needy, the distressed, are "always with us," to draw forth the heart's deepest and tenderest sympathies. But as the mind is nothing, and the heart is nothing, unless the will be brought under control, and character advanced and matured, there are also opportunities and means for these. Where is the situation in life in which a man may not put forth all the resources of his moral nature, and daily add thereto? Now, these are the things in which the true work of life consists, and they are, at the same time, things we can all do, and do everywhere: and just as it is with our higher faculties, so it is with respect to our simple power *to do*. But here I must draw a distinction, and say, that what is really wanted for this power, is not so much its direction to a particular end, as its simple exercise. We are apt to overrate the value of *particular* work, and underrate the value of com-

mon. Little it boots what a man does so long as he does something. It is in the doing something that the virtue there is in work consists. It is common work alone, indeed, that most of us are able to do, though we are loth to believe it; and, of this common work, as well as the higher work of the heart and character, it is incontrovertibly true, that it lies at hand—every man might "find" it to do.

I come now to consider how work is to be done. We are told to do it "with all our might"—which is just the writer's idea, to which I have alluded—that idea under the magical action of which the commonest work might be transformed in our hands to a high spiritual act, such as well befits our intelligent and rational existence. What does this doing our work "with all our might" mean? Not merely that we are to exert all the "might" of our will upon it—that is, work resolutely and perseveringly; but the whole "might" of our various nature—all the tastes, faculties, and powers which make our nature up. It were, no doubt, well to gain a practised eye and hand for our work, though this were to leave it, in a measure, mechanical still; it were well also to know and apply the whole theory of the art to which it relates; but what is hinted at here is the actual nature and permanent power we can always command. And what does this consist in? We have a sense of "use." We cannot get up much interest in work which has no use. Let us apply, then, *this* might, both in the selection of our work, and the doing of it. Let us seek useful labour; or if we have no choice, make the work we have to do as useful as possible. Wonderfully would it add to the interest we take in our work, to reflect that it has a "use"—that somebody will be helped and benefitted by it; and this secret for making work interesting, the commonest labourer might command. It is the very glory of common work that it is eminently useful. We have a sense of "beauty." Let us heartily take up this might also, and apply it to our work. Do not let us think that the workers at the fine arts are the only producers of the beautiful. There are few things done by man's hands which will not

suffer this impress. We might so do our work as to make it, in all its stages, as well as in the whole, pleasing to the eye—often even picturesque. We do not know our power in this way, just because we do not think of it. The idea of beauty in connexion with the plain work of our hands is no fanciful imagination. It is one that has already found its way into our common vernacular, and we are in the constant habit of applying it to work well done. So the shoemaker finds beauty in a well-made shoe; and so we all stop in the progress of our work to admire. What only is wanted in addition, is to fix that fluctuating and uncertain feeling in shape for constant use. Why should we not thus work to “use” and “beauty”—consciously so work, deriving all its satisfactions—instead of working blindly and mechanically? And we should do well to apply these same powers to the higher work of character also. There is room for it. We are apt to be content with a character that is a mere stubborn egotism; we seek not to be useful, and we seek not to be pleasing. The granite foundations are there, but not the overlying useful and beautiful grasses and mosses. The virtues are there, but not the graces. Character’s richest robe is usefulness and amiability, and it would be well for us to seek to wear it. But there is one thing more we might put into our work—and that one the highest of all—viz., conscientiousness. Conscience might legitimately take up our perceptions of use and beauty, and apply them to it; but I mean now, conscience in its own proper province. We are, at least, bound to do our work *well*. No blemish should appear, either in material or construction; no faults, either of haste or carelessness. It should be just what is expected of us, what we declare it is. There is as much honesty in doing our work free from all defects, as there is in paying a just debt. Sometimes carelessness in our work involves the most terrible consequences. A sad accident happened on one of our railways lately, which was reported to have arisen wholly from defective workmanship in one of the carriage wheels. How stunning, overwhelming, the blow to the workman, could he have traced the re-

sults of his own want of care! Conscientiousness in our work can be no choice, but a solemn, imperious duty. This, then, is what it is to labour at our work “with all our might.” It is to make our work irradiate with the light of usefulness, of beauty, of conscience.

The passage suggests, finally, the universality of this principle. “*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,*” thus do. There should be no high, no low—no important, no unimportant—in the work of our hands, with respect to the spirit in which we do it. Looked at in the light of these words, we have to work out a principle in our work—we have to impress our inner nature upon it, so that it might show forth whatever wealth of sensibility and conscientiousness our nature contains; and principles are such things as will not bear infraction at any point. So we should carry out this principle into all our employments, from the building up of character down to the building a house; from the purging our hearts and lives of error, to the mere sweeping and dusting a room. “*Whatsoever the work*” we are called upon to do, we should do “with all our might.”

We learn from these words, in general, that we have all a work to do; it lies close at hand; it should be done with all our might; and all of it should be done in this manner.

J. S., *Isle of Man*.

BOOK NOTICES.

Price Threepence.

A Lecture on “*THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.*,” addressed to the Congregation of the Church of the Saviour, Southampton, July 21, 1861, by the Rev. EDMUND KELL, M.A., F.S.A., after the inauguration of Dr. Watt’s statue by the Earl of Shaftesbury, July 17. Published by request. With Lithograph of the Statue.

London: E. T. Whitfield, 178, Strand. Manchester: Johnson and Rawson, Market-street.

Now ready, price Twopence,

“*RELIGION; WHAT IS IT?*” A Discourse delivered in the Great Meeting House, Hincley, on the evening of August 25th, 1861, by WILLIAM MITCHELL, Minister of the place. Published by request.

Manchester: Johnson and Rawson; or post-free from the Author for three postage stamps.

“*THE GRAND ALLIANCE*” (not the Asaetic Alliance), being a review of Misrepresentations of Facts, and Fallacies in Argument fallen into by the Rev. WILLIAM BINNS, in his published opinions respecting the Character and Objects of the United Kingdom Alliance, and the Temperance Movement. By GEORGE LUCAS, Gateshead-on-Tyne. Price threepence.

To be obtained of the Author, by whom three copies sent upwards will be sent post-free.

"WHY DO ALL THINGS DIE?"

I LOOKED into the azure sky,
And loved its fadeless hue;
I longed to scan its hidden depths,
And trace its endless blue.

"Ah! why should people die?" I thought,

"When earth is made so fair?"
The murmuring Zephyrs made reply,
Soft floating through the air—

"Die! ah, why?"

I stood beneath the waving trees,
Dressed in the garb of Spring;
I heard the soft breeze murmur low,
And the feathered warblers sing.
I thought, "why through this lovely earth,

Should all things fade and die?"
Then came a whisper through the air,
Borne on the wind's low sigh—

"Die! ah, why?"

I stood beside the boundless sea,
And listened to its roar;
The strange wild rushing of the waves
Filled me with wondering awe.

"Ah, why should loved ones die?" I said:

"Proud ocean tell me why?"
The rolling billows answer made,
With a wild and wailing sigh—

"Why! ah, why?"

I thought of one who loved me well
In my childhood's happy hours,
When life was all of joy to me,
No thorns among the flowers.

"Ah, wherefore did he die," thought I,
"And turn my joy to pain?"

My heart's wild throbbing made reply,
And echoed back again—

"Why! ah, why?"

I thought of those who suffered long
Upon their beds of pain;
I thought of mourners o'er their graves,
And tears that fell in vain.

I sighed to think how many hearts
Were sending forth this cry,
While bending o'er some loved one's grave,

"Ah, wherefore must they die?"

"Why! ah, why?"

A mother gazed in hopeless grief
On the babe she loved so well,

No sigh broke from her parted lips,
No gentle tear drops fell.

It seemed as if some hidden fire
Burnt wildly in her eye;

A sound burst on the startled air,
"My God, why need he die?"

"Why! ah, why?"

I turned away in silent pain,
With grief too deep for tears,
My heart was filled with sorrowing,
My mind with doubts and fears.

I raised my soul from things of earth,
And thought of One on high;
"Oh, thou who reignest in heaven above,
Wherefore do loved ones die?"

"Kind Father, why?"

A calm came o'er my troubled soul,
And I bent my knees in prayer,
And gently came the answer mild,
As I knelt in silence there.

No voice nor sound came near me then,
Nor e'en the breezes sigh,

But it stole into my spirit's depths,
That gentle, soft reply—

"Why! ah, why?"

I rose and looked around once more,
For my heart had lost its grief;

I read the lesson God has writ
On flower, on tree, on leaf.

I knew that all this bursting life
Must wither, fade, and die,

But I knew that all would live again,
And should I ask for why?

"Why! yes, why?"

I saw that God has willed it thus,
That life from death should spring,
And that a constant change is wrought
O'er every living thing.

I knew that He who ruleth all,
Whose dwelling is on high,
Hath in His bounty and His love
Decreed that we should die.

"And ask we why?"

It is that we may live again
Above this vale of tears,
That we may have an endless life,
Where sorrow ne'er appears.
That we may meet in that bright home,
Where loved ones never die;
There we shall hear no mourner's groan
In that home above the sky.

"That home on high!"

E. S.

FUTURE PUNISHMENTS.

"MEN commonly," says Sir Thomas Browne (in his *Religio Medici*), "set forth the torments of hell by fire, and the extremity of corporal afflictions; and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This, indeed, makes a noise, and drums in popular ears; but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it—that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we place hell under earth, the devil's walk and purlieu is above it. Men speak too popularly who place it on those flaming mountains which, to grosser apprehensions, represent hell. The heart of man is the place the devil dwells in."

To this passage, a note by E. H. Barker is appended in Wilkin's edition of Browne, viz.:—"That the punishments of the next world are to consist of material fire, is a position which is ably controverted by the learned Protestant Saurin, in one of his discourses translated by Robert Robinson. The Holy Scriptures no more unfold to us the precise nature of the punishments which we may in the next world expect for our offences in this world, than they reveal to us what will be the precise nature of the happiness of the righteous in the next life. Our limited understandings may be as incapable of comprehending the one as the other: it is sufficient for the purposes of human life that we are as well assured of the one as the other. If the joys of heaven are described as 'an exceeding weight of glory,' an immortal crown; as recumbency 'in Abraham's bosom,' and singing hallelujahs by the side of the Lamb; the language is as metaphorical as when the pains of hell are said to consist of 'a worm that never dieth,' a 'fire that is never quenched,' a 'burning lake,' a bottomless pit, and similar expressions. If the torment were a 'worm,' it could not be a fire, or lake, or pit; and if we are compelled to admit the figurative language in this one case, we need not

hesitate to apply the same mode of interpretation to the other."

As to the efficacy of the doctrine of an endless physical fire, Sir Thomas says:—"I can hardly think there was ever any *scared* into heaven: they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell." And Burns compares the fear of the eternal flame to "a hangmau's whip, to haud the wretch in order," and counsels his "young friend" to be governed, not by so ignoble a motive, but by the voice of conscience—by an emotion of love and sense of duty. Theologians, however, think the doctrine "useful"—a good faith for the ignorant, whether it be sound or not. In Switzerland, a generation or two ago, as we learn by the "Autobiography" of Miss Cornelia Knight (recently published), there were divines who prized the "hangman's whip;" and the crack of it, indeed, is still heard in our own day. One of Miss Knight's Swiss teachers, M. Petitpierre, had been pastor of Neuchâtel, but was dismissed by the authorities for laxity of doctrine. "The heads of his church said that his doctrine, which implied the non-eternity of punishments, might not be dangerous for themselves, who were enlightened men, but would be greatly so for their wives and servants." Alas for such hollowness of heart! which makes but a convenience of religion—a serviceable thing for the poor and the ignorant—a device "to keep them in order." What scepticism can be worse than this?

SIN AND DEATH.

WILLIAM PENN, in his "No Cross, No Crown," shows us the nature of the death which came into the world by sin. "All," says he, "who have fallen short of the glory of God, are right-born sons of Adam's disobedience. They, like him, have eaten of what they have been forbidden. They have committed the things they ought not to have done, and left undone the things they ought to have done! They have sinned against that divine light of knowledge which God has given them. They have grieved his spirit; and that dismal sentence has been executed, 'In the day thou eatest

thereof, thou shalt die;' that is, when thou dost the thing which thou oughtest not to do, thou shalt no more live in my favour, and enjoy the comforts of the peace of my spirit; which is a dying to all those innocent and holy desires and affections which God created man with; and he becomes as one cold and benumbed; insensible of the love of God, of his holy spirit, power and wisdom; of the light and joy of his countenance, and the evidence of good conscience, and the co-witnessing and approbation of God's holy spirit." This is the death which comes by sin. Moral death—not physical. Physical death existed on our planet long before it was inhabited by man. The earth is full of the remains of living beings that died from age to age before Adam was made by the Almighty; and not till then—not till man, a moral, responsible being, created in the 'image of his Maker, was called into existence—was there, or could there, be moral death in the world. Adam died when he sinned—blotted, by disobedience, the image in which he was made; and we, as William Penn truly teaches, share the death of our first parent, when we "fall short of the glory of God," by breaking his righteous laws. The "forbidden tree" is ever in our midst, side by side with "the true vine;" and we must choose between the two. The death in Adam—the life in Christ—this is the choice which lies before us in our daily walk; and our condition, here and hereafter, hangs upon our election.

"Upon this winged hour

"Eternity is hung."

Choose, then, while the hour-glass is running, and the sands are not run out. Choose now, and choose rightly. "Escape the wrath to come. Why will ye die? Remember! No CROSS, No CROWN! Redeem the time; for the days are evil, and yours but very few. Gird up the loins of your mind; be sober; fear, watch, pray, and endure to the end; calling to mind, for your encouragement and consolation, that all such as, through patience and well-doing, wait for immortality, shall reap glory, honour, and eternal life, in the kingdom of the Father; whose is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever."

SHALL WE HAVE A STORM?

SOME little portents in the sky, and fellow-travellers, are asking each other, "shall we have thunder," or "does it look like a storm?" Long ago men talked—the wisest of men—about "signs of the times," and the probability of national, political, and ecclesiastical storms. They are wise men who note the signs of the times.

A great American preacher said, a few years ago, "I see it is coming—the American storm"—and it will make the whole continent tremble." The people laughed at him, and said he was mad. And the storm, the fearful tempest, now blows its horrid blast. He is in the haven of rest. There is a nervous sensitiveness, they say, in some of the lower animals, which gives them a clear perception of atmospheric changes, and which makes them weather-wise, and secures them shelter from the severity of the blast. And there is a strong moral sense in some of mankind, added to an intellectual grasp of events, which makes them prophets of coming changes. This is one kind of inspiration of the Almighty, of which we all, less or more, partake. Before all the great events of history, great convulsions of states, great revolutions and wars, there have been some prophets' voices heard saying, "Woe, woe, and if ye repent not." There has been some great soul touched with sympathy that has sat down and wept o'er the Jerusalem he loved, and would have gathered his people under his wings as a hen gathereth her chickens, but they would not. So from the most ancient to the most modern of times, before the catastrophe came in Babylon, Egypt, Jerusalem, America, and England, and all other nations, they were not without their portents, the rumours of war, the anxious inquiry, "shall we have a storm?"

In our own country, and in the midst of so much that is hopeful, we have no desire to prophesy evil of Great Britain. Our readers know what great hopefulness guides our pen. Yet, just as we have watched for some years the events of the western continent, and seen the spirit of the South, of wrong and oppres-

sion, seeking larger territory and more slave power; striving in the pulpit and the senate against God's spirit as it was embodied in a few men in the North, a fearful, inevitable day of reckoning, we thought would come for all the wrong.

But let us now ask, do the affairs of our own country glide smoothly on towards perfection; are we in England a very united people; are our interests on the most exciting themes of human history and experience,—the interests, we say, of nearly thirty millions of people—are they properly regarded, and treated with that consideration which becomes wise, and just, and Christian statesmanship? Can we characterise the present state of our political and ecclesiastical establishments as just, and their judgments in pending disputes as calculated to allay the fear of any great and terrible crisis. We fear we cannot say this much for *church* or *state*. Repeated and moderate requests have been made for an extension of political enfranchisement; and the moderation of the request has been denied and laughed to scorn, until a state of apparent apathy has been produced. Those who have read the great pages of history know there has been a terrible meaning and result, at times, from a temporary silence. In the name of religion, a huge oppression in the form of a State Church has existed for long, and the people of Great Britain have asked for years a very moderate measure of justice, and releasement from an ecclesiastical tax, called "**CHURCH RATES**;" and lo! the active and dominant spirits of the church have girded on their armour, and challenged the hosts of dissenters not to ask relief or think of being set free in the smallest thing by their hard task-masters, and the Pharaohs that are over them. There is another phase worthy of attention. The spirit of free inquiry is stirring in the Church itself, and some of its foremost divines are speaking great truths concerning the nature of true religion, and the essence of Christianity, and they are being dragged before church tribunals, and everywhere scandalised for the free expression of opinion they have given, and their desire to set at nought the ignorant devices which have been endorsed to give uniformity of opinion

in the church. So it is, that we find in the present day, in our own land, deep thought and serious agitation on questions of justice and truth; and some men are banding themselves together to stem the tide of popular and universal right; they are leaguering themselves to resist matters of the clearest justice; they are raising their voices, and hurling forth their judgments to stifle the sound of truth. You speak of *reason*, they call it bad names; you speak of suffering from their reproach, they make faces at you; you speak of truth, they "pooh! pooh!" truth; you speak of justice, they talk of law; you speak of right, they plead their cause by might; you appeal to the Bible, they confront you with their thirty-nine articles and the creeds; you take Christ Jesus for your guide, they take the archbishops, bishops, and their churches and church laws. Here are two elements—very conflicting elements—at present in our nation; the one party growing day by day more firmly persuaded that justice must be done; the other, with clenched hands, vowing they will resist to the last any of those changes sought. Slight skirmishing has been carried on in parliament and law courts for some time between the old power and the new life of our nation; the law is always found on the side of the old, and nothing but truth and a good conscience support the new. If we could see in the Church and State at present, as we have seen at some periods, a tendency to reform, we could hope that these signs, as lightning conductors, would bring the thunder silently to the earth. But no; they are determined to settle those disputes in a high and mighty way, which we fear may lead to a crisis in our country, such as we deplore in other lands.

Then shall we have a storm? We will continually do our best in politics and religion to bring about improvements and reforms which may save our nation from those fearful conflicts experienced by others, through the want of that wisdom which leads to those disastrous results. We pray our readers everywhere to be on the side of progress, of truth, and justice. It is the obstruction of those eternal principles, in the conduct of nations, which gathers o'er

the head of empires the displeasure of heaven; and at last, like an avalanche, falls and consummates its mission, which might have been accomplished, as with the still small voice, had man been wise.

A FEW THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

1.—It is not generally known that the words "Trinity," "Triune-deity," "Three persons in one God," or any of the terms which express the common doctrine of a plurality of persons in the Godhead, are nowhere found in the Scriptures, and that these words are not found in any theological writings until the close of the second century, or nearly two hundred years after the advent of Christ.

2.—It is not generally known that many of the most eminent divines of the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches concede that the doctrine of the Trinity is not a Scriptural doctrine, but belongs to the church on the authority of tradition.

3.—It is not generally known that Trinitarian church historians admit that before the doctrine of the Trinity was admitted into the church it caused the greatest possible commotion and opposition from many of the most sincere members of the Christian church protesting against this corruption of apostolic doctrine.

4.—It is not generally known that the first persecution of Christians by Christians was caused by the reception of dogmas that led to the full establishment of the doctrine of the Trinity—that its ingress and progress has always been marked by a persecuting spirit. Like the Athanasian creed, beginning with damnation and ending with damnation, its Alpha and Omega has always been a different spirit than the spirit of the gospel, therefore it is one of the first duties of the Christian church to rid itself of this doctrine.

5.—It is not generally known that the words "original sin," "human depravity," and the terms of catechisms and creeds to express the "inborn corruption" of the human family, are not Scriptural terms, and not found in the writings of

theologians till many hundred years after the time of Christ.

6.—It is not generally known that the church teaching "that we are wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of both body and soul," is contradicted by innumerable texts of Scripture, and the experience of every person's life; and that the doctrine of innate badness of human nature is a reproach on our Maker.

7.—It is not generally known that among the curses pronounced on Adam for his first transgression, the perpetuation of a sinful state of nature among his offspring is not once named to him, or to any patriarch, or prophet, or other person in the Bible; and that man is never once said to be sinful through Adam's sin.

8.—It is not generally known that the Bible plainly teaches "that every disobedience receives a just recompense of reward," and that "there is no respect of persons with God," and therefore the doctrine of substitution, of vicarious punishment, of escape from the just reward of our works, is impossible, under divine government.

9.—It is not generally known that the Apostle Paul, who preached for a great number of years, and was a most successful missionary of divine truth, never once threatened his hearers with the torments of hell, that he never once named hell to the people to whom he wrote and spoke.

10.—It is not generally known that the word hell never once occurs in the Old Testament as having reference to a future state of punishment; and that in the New Testament its meaning is confined to the punishments inflicted in this world on the wicked.

11.—It is not generally known that the belief in a personal devil is never once enjoined in the Scriptures, and that the Jews got their ideas and language about "devils" and "demons" from the heathen, and not from their own inspired penmen.

12.—It is not generally known that there is not one text of Scripture which affirms that there shall be no change after death in the state of the wicked or the righteous; that the condition to all eternity of every soul is sealed at death. There is no such testimony in the Bible.

SUCH A TEMPER.

"THAT child will be the death of me yet. Oh, he has such a temper! Just see how he acts. You John! Hush this instant, and do as I tell you!"

These sentences were uttered in an excited voice, by a mother who had come suddenly upon her little boy, a bright, busy, active little fellow, three years old, and who had discovered a new amusement, and was enjoying himself up to his full capacity. That amusement was a rude attempt at castle building. The materials used on the occasion were books from the library shelves. His mother, in company with an aunt, who had arrived that day on a short visit, happened to come upon him in the midst of his pleasant sport.

"Dear little fellow!" was on the aunt's lips, as her eyes fell upon the child's animated face; but ere the words were spoken, his mother had started forward and seized him by the arm. With a sudden jerk she drew him several feet away from his mimic buildings, exclaiming as she did so, in angry tones:

"You bad boy! How dare you do this. Just see your father's books scattered all over the floor."

A moment or two she held him with a firm grip; then pushing him from her, she added, "Put every book in its place on the shelves; and don't you dare to touch them again."

Released from his mother's hand, John, instead of obeying her, threw himself upon the floor, and commenced kicking and screaming in uncontrolled passion.

"Just see how he acts, Mary!" repeated the mother. "That temper will be his ruin. John, hush this instant, and get up as I tell you."

But the child's passion was a whirlwind, and subsided not until its force was spent. In her blind anger the mother stooped over the boy, and was raising her hand to punish him, when her sister drew her back, and whispered,

"Don't, Anna! A blow now will do harm." And she drew the excited mother from the room.

"Mary! This is not right," said the latter, with some severity of manner, as soon as they were out of the library. "You must not come between me and my children. If you take their part when I reprove or punish, all my control over them will be gone."

"Dear sister!" replied Mary, with much feeling, and great tenderness of manner, "forgive me if I have erred; and let the pure love I feel for you and your child be my apologist."

There was a silence for nearly a minute. A calm was falling upon the mother's spirit.

"He has such a dreadful temper, Mary! If it is not subdued now, it will curse his whole life. You don't know how it troubles me."

"Your duty, it seems to me, is very plain, sister," was the answer.

"I must break that temper while he is a child."

"You cannot. It will only gain strength by conflict," replied the sister.

"Is the case then so hopeless? I will not believe it, Mary."

"Oh, no! not hopeless by any means. How does the oak gain strength and vigorous life? Look at its rugged trunk; its gnarled and twisted branches, and read the history of its strife with tempest and tornado through half a century. So it is by action, resistance, and conflict, that our passions are matured. Do you imagine that the excitement through which your child has passed will weaken the temper of which you complain? Has it not, on the contrary, given it increased strength?"

The sister paused.

"There was not a sign of evil in his happy little face when he entered the library."

"But he was doing wrong," said the mother.

"Had you told him he must not build houses with books?"

"Yes, forty times. There isn't an hour in the day that I don't have to check, or reprove, or punish him for one kind of mischief or another. He knew it was wrong."

"Maybe you check, and reprove, and punish him too much, Anna," suggested the sister.

"There is danger of error in this direction, where the child's mind is unusually active. The stream that glides along smoothly enough through the level meadow, will fret, and chafe, and dash madly forward, if rocky obstructions come in its way."

"But children must not be permitted to do as they please. They would soon be ruined," said the mother.

"If you put a dam across the stream, or throw huge rocks into the midst of its gently gliding current, you do not stop its progress, but only swell its volume till it overflows the banks, or distort its surface with the whirling eddies. Mere opposition to a child's desires effects about as little good. It only gives them a morbid force. We should not repress activity, but seek to give it a right direction. I will venture to affirm, Anna, that if, when we went into the library, just now, we had entered with some manifestation of interest into what John was doing, and then pleasantly explained to him that the use he was making of his father's books was injuring them, he would have replaced them on the shelves without a word of objection. There would have been, in that case, no mental injury sustained through excitement of a passionate temper. The sky of his mind would have remained clear, and sweet peace would now be in his heart instead of sudden rebellion. Dear sister, a child's immortal soul is a more precious thing than whole libraries of costly books, or even the rich furniture of a king's palace. While we guard his external surroundings with a due regard to order, and prevent, as well for his sake as for these, disorder and blind destruction, we must never forget that the jewel is more to be regarded than the casket. A scratched table, a torn or defaced book, or even a costly thing broken, are small evils compared with a scratched, defaced, or distorted mind. Forgive me for saying it, my sister, but I have always thought that parents are most to blame for the bad tempers and passionate outbreaks of their

children; and this little trouble with John only confirms the opinion. I say it kindly; nay, Anna, in tender love. Be not hurt, then, nor offended; but, for your bright, beautiful boy, lay up my words in your heart."

The mother looked sober and thoughtful. Her sister had not spoken in vain. Truth had awakened conviction. Suddenly rising, and kissing her sister in token of forgiveness, she left the room and went into the library. John was still lying on the floor where he had thrown himself. But he had ceased crying. He heard his mother's footsteps, but he did not move. Experience had taught him that reproof, it might be punishment, was in store for him; and so he awaited, in stubborn silence, for whatever unpleasant consequence might come.

"John." It was a low, soft, tender, almost sad voice, and the word was spoken close to his ear. He started in sudden surprise, and raised his face from the floor.

"Come, dear." The voice was even tenderer; and a warm hand grasped him with a firm pressure.

"Oh, mother!" The child started up with this exclamation, and, in a passion of tears, threw his arms about her neck, and hid his face in her bosom. Tightly she held him there, and lovingly she kissed his pure forehead.

"I don't mean to do wrong, mother!" said the boy. "I love to build houses; and father said yesterday that if I didn't hurt the books, I might take some of them."

The mother only kissed him again, and drew her arms, in token of love, more tightly around him. What could she say to words that came to her ears with such cutting rebuke?

"You love me, mother, don't you?" asked the child.

"Yes, dear, alas! Better than all the world," was the almost sobbing answer.

"And I love you, mother. I'll try to be good always. Won't you ask father to buy me some building blocks?"

"Yes. You shall have a boxful to-morrow."

"You're a good mother," said little John. "Only sometimes—"

The child paused, as if in doubt.

"Only what, dear?"

"You won't be angry if I say it, will you?"

"No, no, dear. Say on."

"Only sometimes you scold me so, and jerk me up when I ain't doing any harm as I can see. And then I get so mad—and I can't help it. And I'm sorry. Oh, dear! I wish I never was mad!"

And with a half shudder, as if some very painful idea was forced upon his young mind, little Johnny buried his face close down upon his mother's bosom again, and lay there very still.

No more words passed then between the mother and child; but scales had been removed from the mother's vision, and she saw that her precious boy had generous feelings and right impulses, and that for his many exhibitions of naturally quick temper she was most to blame.

"Thanks for your truthful words, dear sister!" she said a little afterwards. "I shall have cause to bless you for them in all coming time."

And it was even so.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

THE BEAUTIES OF THE HOLY BIBLE.

"I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures: I am of opinion that the Volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."—SIR WILLIAM JONES.

It is so complete a system, that nothing can be added to it or taken from it.—Deut. iv. 2; Rev. xxii. 18, 19.

It contains everything needful to be known or done.—Acts xvi. 30, 31; ii. 38, 39; John iii. 35, 36; Ezek. xx. 11, 12, 19, 20.

It affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject.—Deut. xvii. 18; 2 Sam. xxiii. 3; Prov. xxv. 2; xxxi. 4, 5; Rom. xiii. 1 to 8; 1 Peter ii. 13, 14.

It gives instruction to a council and a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate.—Ezra vii. 25, 26; Lev. xxiv. 22.

It cautions a witness, and requires an impartial verdict of a jury.—Exod. xx. 16; Prov. xix. 9; Lev. xix. 15.

And furnishes the judge with his sentence.—Prov. viii. 15, 16; Deut. xvi. 19, 20; John vii. 24.

It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table.—Gen. xviii. 19; 1 Kings xvii. 17; 2 Kings v. 1 to 4.

It tells him how to rule, and her how to manage.—Gen. xviii. 19; Deut. vi. 6, 7; Eph. vi. 4.

It entails honour to parents, and enjoins obedience in children.—Exod. xx. 12; Col. iii. 20.

It prescribes limits to the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler.—Prov. viii. 15, 16.

It checks the authority of the master, commands the subjects to honour, and servants to obey.—Col. iv. 1; Eph. vi. 5 to 9.

It promises the blessing and protection of its Author to all who walk by its rules.—Lev. xxvi. 3 to 12; John xiv. 23.

It gives directions for weddings and for burials.—Luke xiv. 8; John ii. 1 to 11; Luke ix. 60.

It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both.—Luke xii. 22 to 23; Matt. vi. 25 to 34; Isa. xxxiii. 16; 1 Tim. vi. 7, 8.

It points out to the departing husband and father a faithful and everlasting Guardian.—Psalm lxviii. 5; Prov. xxiii. 11.

It tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust.—Jer. xlix. 11; Psalm lxviii. 5.

It promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter.—Exod. xxii. 22 to 24; James i. 27.

It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will.—Isa. xxxviii. 1; Rom. xii. 17, 11; Matt. vi. 19 to 21; 2 Cor. xii. 14; 1 Tim. v. 8.

It appoints a dowry for the wife, and entails the right of the first-born, and shows how the younger branches shall be left.—Gen. xlvi. 16 to 22.

It defends the rights of all, and reveals vengeance to every defrauder, overreacher, and oppressor.—Rom. i. 18; 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.

It contains the choicest matters and the best instruction.—Prov. iv. 1 to 9; Matt. xiii. 45, 46.

It contains the best laws and the profoundest mysteries that ever were penned.—Matt. v. 24, 25.

It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in all the world.—John i. 1 to 4.

It brings the best tidings and imparts the greatest comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate.—2 Cor. i. 3, 4; 1 Tim. i. 15; Luke ii. 10 to 20.

It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory.—Prov. viii. 23 to 35.

It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come.—Rev. i. 8; Mal. iii. 1 to 4.

It settles all matters in debate.—Prov. xxv. 8 to 15. Resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all scruples.—Col. iii. 12, 13; Jer. vi. 16; Matt. xi. 28 to 30; Heb. iv. 16.

It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him.—John xvii. 1 to 5; 1 John v. 20.

It sets aside all other gods, describes the vanity of them, and of all that put their trust in them.—1 Kings xviii. 16 to 40.

It declares JESUS CHRIST to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—John xix. 6; Isa. liii; Prov. viii. 35.

It informs mankind that JESUS CHRIST came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. i. 15; Mark ii. 15, 17.

It acquaints man that JESUS CHRIST is Lord of All, and in All.—Acts x. 36; Col. iii. 11; Matt. xxviii. 18.

It invites all that labour and are heavy laden to come to JESUS CHRIST, and He will give them rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

It promises an eternal reward to all who are faithful unto death.—Matt. xxiv. 13.

It is a book of laws, to show right and wrong—a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly and makes the foolish wise.—1 Cor. i. 19 to 31; 2 Tim. i. 14, 15; Prov. xxi. 11; Ps. xix. 7.

It is a book of truth, that detects all errors—a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.—Psalm cxix. 151; John v. 24; xvii. 17; Col. ii. 13.

It is the most compendious book in all the world.—Heb. iv. 12; 2 Tim. iii. 16; 2 Peter i. 21.

It is the most authentic and interesting history that ever was published.—2 Peter i. 21; 2 Tim. iii. 16.

It contains the most ancient antiquities, remarkable events, and wonderful occurrences.—Gen. i. 1 to 28; vii. 23; Exod. xiv. 21 to 31; Josh. x. 11 to 13; Luke xxiii. 27 to 49.

It points out the most heroic deeds and unparalleled wars.—1 Sam. xvii. 34 to 51; Judges xv. 4, 5; xvi. 23 to 30.

It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and lower worlds.—Job xxxviii; Rev. xix. 20; xx. 10; Psalm xix. 1 to 6.

It explains the origin of the angelic myriads, of human tribes, and devilish legions.—Psalm lxxviii. 17; Rev. xii. 7 to 9; vii. 2 to 12.

It will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise

every power of the most skilful arithmetician.—Exod. iv. 12; Jer. v. 14; Gen. xv. 5; Job xxxvi. 26; Rev. xiii. 18.

It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic and the most profound artist.—Prov. viii. 12; Job xxxii. 8, 9.

It will puzzle the wisest anatomist and the nicest critic, correct the vain philosopher, and baffle the greatest astronomer.—Eccles. xi. 5; Psalm cxxxix. 15, 16; 1 Cor. i. 20; Rom. ix. 20; Jer. ix. 23, 24; Isa. xxix. 13, 14; 1 Cor. iii. 11 to 20; Job xxxviii. 4 to 35.

It exposes the subtle sophist, and maketh diviners mad.—Isa. xlv. 25; Col. ii. 8; 1 Tim. vi. 20, 21.

It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, and an unequalled narrative.—Exod. xxii. 1 to 31; 1 Sam. i. 1 to 28; Gen. xxxix. 1 to 28; Luke xxii.

It is a book of lives, of travels, and of voyages.—Matt. i. 1 to 25; ii. 12, 14, 20, 23; Luke xxiv. 13 to 17; v. 4 to 11; xix. 1 to 10; Acts xxvii.

It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best testament that ever was sealed.—Isa. lv. 3; Jer. xxxi. 32 to 34; John vi. 27.

It is the best evidence that ever was produced—the best will that ever was made—the best deed that ever was signed.—John xiv. 26, 27; Matt. v.; Rev. xxii. 13.

It is wisdom to understand it—to be ignorant of it, is to be awfully destitute.—Prov. ii. 3 to 6; i. 22; xv. 21.

It is the king's best copy—the magistrate's best rule—the housewife's best guide, and the servant's best instructor.—1 Kings ix. 4, 5; Deut. x. 12, 13; Micah vi. 8.

It is the young man's best companion, the school-boy's assistant, and the learned man's masterpiece.—Psalm cxix. 9 to 16, 63; xxxii. 8; xix. 12; cxxxix. 1 to 6; Gal. iii. 24, 25.

It contains a choice grammar for a novice, and the profoundest mysteries for a sage.—Jer. xv. 16; Psalm cxix. 103, 130; 1 Tim. iii. 16; Rom. xi. 33.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary and the wise man's directory.—Isa. xxviii. 23 to 29; Psalm xxv. 4, 5.

It affords knowledge of witty inventions, and it is its own interpreter.—Prov. viii. 12; 1 Cor. ii. 13, 14; Gen. xl. 8; Dan. ii. 20 to 22; Gen. xli. 16.

It has been miraculously preserved throughout all ages, and will be, till there shall be time no longer.—Pev. x. 10.

It exhorts us diligently to search this inspired volume, where we shall find that our Lord and Saviour will come quickly.—Rev. xxii. 7, 12, 20; John v. 39; Joel ii. 1 to 11.

It assures us that there is no other name under Heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts iv. 12.

It promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the conqueror, and spiritual overcomer of this world.—Matt. xxiv. 13; 1 Peter i. 13; Rev. xxi. 7.

And that which crowns all is, that the Author, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning" (James i. 17), is the Almighty and Everlasting God.

The BIBLE will supply the most sequestered hermit with a comprehensive knowledge of man—there he may trace human nature through every point of gradation, from the lowest state of depravity to the highest attainable excellence—there society is presented to his view in every degree of civilization, and under almost every form of government—there, too, he may contemplate the relative state of nations in their commerce, their leagues, and their hostilities; and all this delivered with a truth and simplicity which would elsewhere be sought in vain.

TWELVE MODES OF SUICIDE.

1.—WEARING thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2.—Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theatres, parties, and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress.

3.—Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine feet bed-rooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or three persons in the same small, unventilated bedroom.

4.—A surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without masticating the food, and eating hearty before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

5.—Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors.

6.—Marrying in haste, and getting an congenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental excitement. Cultivating jealousy and domestic broils, and being always in mental ferment.

7.—Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick by giving mercury, tartar emetic, and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

8.—Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to health. Following an unhealthy occupation, because money may be made by it.

9.—Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties where the stomach says no, and by forcing food into it when the stomach does not demand, and even rejects it.

10.—Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.

11.—Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating. Going to bed at midnight, and getting up at noon.

12.—Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated

quack medicines to a degree of making a drug-shop of the body.

The above causes produce more sickness, suffering, and death, than all the epidemics, malaria, and contagion, combined with war, pestilence, and famine. Physical punishment is sure to visit the transgressor of nature's laws. All commit suicide and cut off many years of their natural life, who do not observe the means of preventing disease and observing health.—*Star of the Pacific.*

THE AGED PASTOR.

He stands in the desk, that grave old man,
With an eye still bright, though his cheek is wan,
And his long white locks are backward rolled
From his noble brow of classic mould;
And his form, though bent by the weight of
years,
Somewhat of its primal beauty wears.

He opens the page of the Sacred Word—
Not a whisper, nor low nor loud, is heard;
Even folly assumes a serious look,
As he readeth the word of the Holy Book;
And the thoughtless and gay grow rev'rent there,
As he opens his lips in fervent prayer.

He stands as the grave old prophet stood,
Proclaiming the truth and the living God—
Pouring reproof on the ears of men,
Whose hearts are at ease in their folly and sin:
With a challenge of guilt still unforgiven,
To the soul unfitted, unmeet for heaven.

Oh, who can but honour that good old man,
As he neareth his three-score years and ten—
Who hath made it the work of his life to bless
Our world in its woe and wickedness;
Still guiding the few who were wont to stray
In the paths of sin, to the narrow way.

With a kindly heart to the lapsing years,
He hath shared your joys, he hath wiped your
tears,
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the
bride,
He hath stood by the couch when loved ones
died,
Pointing the soul to a glorious Heaven,
As the ties which bound it to earth were riven.

Methinks you'll weep, another day,
When the good old man has passed away;
When the last of his ebbing sands have run,
When his labour is o'er and his work is done;
Who'll care for the flock and keep the fold,
When his pulse is still and his heart is cold?

We'll miss him then; every look and tone,
So familiar now, for ever gone,
Will thrill the heart with inward pain,
And ye'll long listen for them in vain,
When a stranger form and a stranger face
Shall stand in your honoured pastor's place.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

VERY TRUE.—"We may rest satisfied with this, that sin shall neither enjoy an impunity irreconcilable with God's justice and majesty, nor endure sufferings inconsistent with his mercy and clemency."—*Jortin*.

THE RIGHT WAY.—Southey says, in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In a like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

A STRANGE SENTENCE.—Lord Campbell said he himself heard a Judge at Stafford thus sentence a prisoner to death for forgery: "And I trust, through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may experience that mercy in another world which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to hope for here."

PRAYER.—Prayer is ever profitable: at night it is our covering; in the morning it is our armour. Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night. He is listed in God's service and protection, who makes it his first work to be enrolled by prayer under the standard of the Almighty. He carries an assistant angel with him for his help, who begs his benediction from above; and without it he is lamed and unarmed.—*Feltham*.

INTEMPERANCE.—Intemperance steals upon man by degrees. Is there now a drunkard on the face of the earth who began to drink intoxicating drinks with the intention of being a drunkard? Every young man when he begins to drink means to drink moderately. He has no suspicion that he will ever become a drunkard. All drunkenness begins with temperate drinking. If you should say to a young man who was just beginning his career of drinking, "Sir, you may die a drunkard," he would resent it. "Do you think I need a guardian? Do you think I don't know when I get enough?" He has no suspicion he will ever be a drunkard. And yet we know that he is now taking the steps that every drunkard has taken, and which, if he had not taken, he would never have been a drunkard.

DISEASE.—"The diseases distinctly referrible to ardent spirits alone, amount to seventy-five cases out of the hundred."—Dr. Gordon, *Physician to the London Hospital*. "I am persuaded that tens of thousands of temperate drinkers die annually from diseases, through which the abstemious would pass in safety."—Dr. Sewall. "Ardent spirits are one of the principal causes of disease, poverty, and vice."—Edward Turner, *Professor of Chemistry in the London University*. "Amidst all the evils of human life, no cause of disease has so wide a range, or so large a share, as the use of spirits."—Dr. Trotter.

TO THE POINT.—A late reverend doctor had a somewhat lofty manner of expressing himself. In the course of visiting his parish, he called at the cottage of an elderly female, who familiarly invited him to "come in and sit down." The Doctor, who expected a more respectful salutation, said, in stately tones, intended to check any further attempt at familiarity: "Woman, I am a servant of the Lord, come to speak with you on the concerns of your soul." "Then you'll be humble, like your Master," admirably rejoined the cottager. The Doctor felt the reproof deeply, and never again sought to magnify himself at the expense of his office.

THE YOUNG WIFE.—The marriage of middle age is companionship; the second marriage, of maturity, perhaps the reparation of a mistake, perhaps the pallid transcript of a buried joy; but the marriage of the loving young is by the direct blessing of God, and in the realization of the complete ideal of a lovely human life. Let those who have found that pearl hold it fast and keep it safe. Within the doors where love dwells no evil thing should enter; and the loving bride who would be the happy wife must specially guard against her own impatience and despair when the lover is merging into the husband, the flatterer into the friend.

DISCIPLINE.—The discipline of our life is portioned out by no unloving hand. It is just what we need, although we may not always realize it. It is designed to make us strong, and wise, and humble. Bitter indeed are some of the draughts we drink, but most tonics are bitter, and they do us good, if we do not relish them. The hidden trials are often the most difficult to bear. How the soul starts back with a fearful shudder from even the memory of them. In heaven this agony of remembrance will be over. No sorrow, and no sad remembrance of sorrow, can enter there.—*Smith*.

ANGER.—On the 2nd instant, M. P.—, an army contractor, perceived his son walking on the Boulevards, with a young woman. He asked his son, in an angry tone, how he dared to keep company with a workwoman. "Father (said the son), I intend to marry mademoiselle. I am of age this day." "I, sir," cried the father, choking with rage—"I shall be under the necessity of addressing you a respectful summons (*sommation respectueuse*)"—a formality indispensable in France in the case of a marriage by any person, however old, without consent of parents. "I will convert all my property into ready money, and you shall never have a penny." "I prefer happiness to riches," was the reply. The exasperated father raised his cane to strike his son, but suddenly his hand dropped, and he staggered and fell into the arms of one of the crowd, which the noise of the discussion had collected. His anger had killed him.

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